Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.
Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but moitie of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our d
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edw*
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*,
Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Clar*
Dut. What ſtay had I but they, an
Qu. Was neuer widow, had ſo dea
Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had a
Dut. Was euer mother had a deare
Alas, I am the mother of theſe moan
Their woes are parceld, mine are gen
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not ſh
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe, and
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo do the
Alas, you three on me three-fould diſ
Powre all your teares, I am your ſorr
And I will pamper it with lamentatio
Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of v
To waile the dimming of our ſhining
But none can cure their harmes by wa
Madame my mother, I doe cry you m
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly on
I craue you bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meek
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true d
Glo. Amen, make me die a good old
Thats the butt end of my mothers bl
I marueil why her grace did leaue it o
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hea
That beare this mutuall heauie load o
Now cheare each other, in each others
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt fo
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſoo
The broken rancour of your high ſw
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioynd tog
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome little
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Pr
Hither to London, to be crownd our

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